

THOUGHTS

(Pauline Frances Camp.)
A thought within a busy brain
Once grew, and grew apace,
Until it could no more remain
In such a narrow space.
So springing from the loosened tongue
It winged its airy flight.
In loving, helpful words that sung
And made a sad heart light.

Another little thought, as sweet,
By silence was held fast.
Till the great Reaper stayed his feet
And set it free at last.
It found its life in flowers rare
And tears and tender speech.
But they that Death's pale colors wear
No loving words can reach.
Ah! little thoughts fly forth today
A flock of white-winged birds,
Go, full of love, to cheer the way
As kindly, precious words.
Rest not, inactive, useless, vain,
Till Death your torches light.
But shine right now, through sun and rain,
And make each dark place bright.

When Half-Gods Go.

BY D. H. TALMADGE.
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Believers would have called it Destiny; unbelievers a coincidence; Thornton himself called it nothing, and blessed it from the bottom of his heart.

He contemplated his bride proudly, happily, from a vantage point on the hotel piazza. She was playing tennis with agility and skill which mark the expert; her sharply arms bare to the elbows, her lips parted slightly, disclosing the tips of her strong, white teeth, her eyes shining, her face glowing. More particularly than her other features he noted was her hair, for he was one of those to whom woman's hair is her crowning glory, and he had fallen in love with this cluster of dark-brown curls even before the shafts from her eyes had entered his heart, or the words from her lips had enthralled his understanding. Men sometimes do such things.

He had been told—and he smiled now at the recollection—that he would wed a woman of red hair. A gypsy woman had told him so years before. A red-haired child playing about a camp had been chosen as a mark for his callow wit, and the mother had overheard. She had come forward into the midst of the group of visitors, and had shaken her finger at him, speaking in tones that hissed.

"'Tis the badge of my shame," she had said, "but I am not of the sort that suffers in silence. His father was such as you. I believed what he told me. He has never seen his child."

Then the hiss of her voice had changed abruptly to a shrill cry. "Curse upon him and upon those who jest at the innocent child! Ah, smile on, young gentleman. You think me daft. Yet take heed to what I say. A woman whose hair is red as the sunset shall be your bride and she shall bear you a child whose hair shall be in color as the berries of the mountain ash."

It was not a dire prophecy. Thornton had not permitted it to weigh upon him heavily; still, he had thought of it more than he cared to confess. He had a mild horror of red hair. Furthermore he disliked the idea of being cursed. Such curses mean nothing, of course, but they are unpleasant; they threaten the woe of a man's dignity and menace his self-confidence.

He had not told his wife of the incident. He had not considered it sufficiently consequential or interesting, and there was a possibility of her taking it seriously. He had a fine sense of consideration for feminine nerves.

He had reasoned the matter thus: We have been married three days, and not a drop of bitterness has entered the bowl of our bliss. Suppose I tell her the story. She might laugh and pass it off lightly. Again, she might not. She is different from all others of her sex—vastly more charming, far more sensible, and yet, loving me as she does, she might allow this ridiculous thing to play havoc with her happiness.

"She was playin' tennis." "O, Jack," she might say, "I knew it was too sweet to last. I am to die, and a red-haired creature is to take my place. O, why have you told me?" Why, indeed? I haven't, thank goodness, and I won't. He shuddered slightly, and lighted a cigar; then, glancing right and left along the piazza, he marked the admiration in the eyes that were looking at his wife, and beamed proudly. The game went on.

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The press dispatches differed somewhat in detail, but that from the Tribune is the one preserved in Thornton's scrap book, and therefore may be accepted as authentic.

A team of horses standing in the driveway at a little distance from the tennis courts became frightened and unmanageable. With scarcely an instant's warning they plunged into the grounds. Men shouted, women screamed, dogs barked, hoofs thundered; the wheels of a landau crashed against a tree. For a moment silence. Then, gasping, the spectators surged into the courts.

Ahead of them all was Thornton. He was upon his knees by the side of his wife before even the other players had recovered themselves sufficiently to realize what had happened. As the throng came forward he arose to his feet, motioning them back.

"She has been struck upon the head," he announced, "but she is not dead. Keep away, please, and hurry for a doctor."

Then he dropped to his knees again, his lips whispered words of endearment and anguish, one hand holding one of her hands, the other gently stroking the blood-soaked curls of her dark-brown hair.

The doctor came. "Your wife?" he inquired, with kindly brusqueness, his fingers deftly working about the wound.

Thornton nodded. The doctor smiled reassuringly. "It is not so bad," he said; "there seems to be no great fracture, but she has had a shock that may last her a long time. We will remove her to her room, I think."

Two hours later Thornton sat at one side of the bed, and a nurse at



"Jack," she whispered, the other, waiting. At the head of the bed, upon the floor, was a washbowl in which lay a mass of dark brown curls.

Thornton had seen them cut from their place, a sacrifice to necessity. He had seen that near the roots they were of another color—verily as red as the sunset. But he had not been pained by the revelation. Strangely enough he had been relieved.

He was not thinking of them now. His gaze was intent upon the blue-veined eyelids of his wife.

"She will open her eyes presently," the doctor had said in leaving; "but you must not be surprised if—if she does not know you. It sometimes happens under such circumstances that the mind is affected for—"

Thornton had understood, and was grateful for the uncompleted sentence.

So they sat, he and the nurse. Indistinctly the murmur of voices came through the open window from the piazza below. Tiptoeed footsteps passed and repassed the door. A yellow butterfly poised for a moment upon the window sill to rest.

The nurse raised a finger to her lips. Thornton's hand, hanging at his side, clenched until the nails all but cut the flesh. His lips were almost white.

Slowly, flutteringly, the lids of the sufferer's eyes were lifted. She drew a long, sighing breath. For an interval she seemed to see nothing. Then her lips moved, and the faintest semblance of a smile showed upon her face.

"Jack!" she whispered. "Thank God! O, thank God!" sobbed Thornton.

Bird Lighted on Preacher's Head.

A rather amusing incident occurred on a recent Sunday evening at the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in Miami, Fla. The auditorium was well filled with people, who were intensely interested in the sermon which was being delivered by the Rev. C. Fred Blackburn. Suddenly a small bird flew in from the open window, circling round the room, lighting for a moment on the seats, then circling round and round the room. The attention of the audience was directed from the words of the speaker, when all at once the bird settled quietly down on the head of the preacher. A swift stroke of the hand and away went the little bird.—Florida Times-Union and Citizen.

Odd Request at Siege.

A correspondent of the London Daily Mail, writing of the siege of Christiana, in South Africa, says it is not without its humors. "For instance," he continues, "the other day, field cornet Scholtz favored us with a flag of truce and a list of miscellaneous requests. He contemplated grinding a little corn and wished to fix up a windmill for that object. Unhappily, an abnormally large screw was necessary for the enterprise, and the field cornet didn't happen to have one with him; but he knew of one in Christiana that would suit his purpose. Surely, our commandant would let him have that screw!"

NAMES THAT ARE POPULAR.

William Has a Firm Hold on First Place.

Parents display some queer notions of propriety in naming their children. Those of a religious turn of mind more frequently in former times than now searched the Scriptures before the baptismal ceremony. Parents in search of a fortune will label their luckless babes with the surname of the expected testator. But, nevertheless, the list of common English Christian names is a very small one. Out of every 100 fathers and mothers of male-children some 84 limit their choice to 15 familiar names.

The favorite name is undoubtedly William. In all ranks of society—in the peerage as in the workhouse—William is the commonest of male Christian names.

Stop the first 1,000 men you meet in the street. No fewer than 170 are Williams. A long way behind comes the Johns, closely followed by the Georges. Of every 1,000 men 94 are called John and 92 George.

The next commonest name is Thomas, which has 74 owners, while James claims 72. Henry and Harry between them are 70 in number. Of these about one in four have received the name of Harry at the baptismal font. Following them come Frederick with 57, Charles with 48, Alfred with 45 and Albert some way behind with 31. The popularity of Albert has arisen entirely from the personal popularity of the late queen's beloved consort. It was practically unknown in England before Queen Victoria's marriage.

The good old Saxon appellation of Edward is given to 25 out of every 1,000 citizens, Arthur and Robert having each 23, while of the remainder of these 1,000 men you have accosted in the street 17 are called Joseph and 15 Herbert. So we have accounted for no fewer than 856 out of every 1,000 Englishmen, and they divide between them only 20 out of the many hundreds, nay thousands, of names from which parents are at liberty to choose.

Of the remaining 144 of our representative 1,000 a few, such as Richard, Percy or Ernest, are claimed severally by two or three men, but all the rest are the sole and exclusive property of "one in 1,000."

INVALID BY FASHION.
Society Girls Overworked Trying to Become Accomplished.

To learn as many of the fashionable accomplishments as possible appears to be the ambition of the girl of the period and her mamma. It is too often the case that considerations of physical health are entirely overlooked and that the fashionable girl finds herself worn out and old in appearance and disposition before she has reached the age of 25. The Ladies' Home Journal characterizes this folly properly when it says: "There are parents who, not content with the studies which their daughters have to grapple with at school, load them down with a few special studies in the finer arts. In the midst now several young girls have between the precarious ages of 12 and 17, who, after they return from school, have an extra dose of painting, music or languages. 'But my daughter must know something of these things,' is the protest of the fond mother. 'She must be able to hold her own with other girls of her set.' Of course, the girl at this tender age, with such a mental load, soon goes to pieces. She becomes anemic, listless and nervous and then the mother wonders why! To build her up everything under the sun is tried except a lessening of mental work and the unnatural strain upon the nervous system. The girl develops into what? A bundle of nerves incased in the most fragile frame, her physical vitality sapped almost to the last drag. And in this condition she enters the marriage state! And yet we wonder why there are so few women absolutely free from organic troubles. Is it inexplicable?"

Petting Brides with Flowers.

The custom of showering bridal couples with rice is as old as the monumental hills. It is sometimes attended with disagreeable results, but is still persisted in at most matrimonial functions. An improvement upon this custom which seems likely and ought to become popular was observed at a pretty wedding celebrated at Lake Geneva, just before the close of the outing season. The piazzas and lawn of the bride's home were beautifully decorated with hydrangeas, which the extensive garden of the bride's home furnished in unusual profusion. The altar arranged at one end of the parlor was beautifully decorated and bowered with the same blooms mingled with ferns and evergreens. Bunches of the blossoms stood in large jars and vases in the spacious hall and barked the great fireplace. When the newly wedded pair started away in the late afternoon the guests lined the way from the house to the entrance gate of the grounds, everyone provided with hydrangeas, and through this line of petting flowers the bridal carriage was driven. It was a poetic and picturesque change from the usual rice shower.—Chicago Chronicle.

Streets Are Kept Clean.

Glasgow has no less than 315 miles of streets to keep clean, but all acknowledge that they are kept clean. The corporation employs 1,300 men to do the work—all active men, who really earn their wages and are not mere loafers on the pay list. There is also an 800 acre farm in connection with the department. All garbage and refuse are classified, and nothing that can be turned into use is destroyed. Iron, tin, paper, rags, etc., are separated. What cannot be otherwise utilized is made to serve as fuel in generating 890 horse power in lighting the city.

HOTBED OF ANARCHY.

THE TRAINING SCHOOL FOR POLITICAL ASSASSINS.

Paterson, New Jersey Has an Unenviable Reputation—Propaganda of the Gospel of Hate—Building in Which Meetings Are Held.

There are more professed anarchists in Paterson than in any other city in the United States. The "silk city" of New Jersey is the capital of all the "reds" in the country—the seat of a kind of university for the training of regicides. Here Bresci, the assassin of King Humbert, was trained and when the assassin's knife sank into the breast of Empress Elizabeth of Austria, the secret service bureaus of Europe sent extra men to Paterson as the fountain source of anarchy. It is in Paterson that La Question Sociale, the leading organ of anarchy in this country, is published, and to its columns the notorious Emma Goldman, the inspirer of the demon Czołgosz, contributes incendiary articles.

This crime-inciting paper is published in the rear of the top floor at 355 Market street, and here may be found its editor and the leader of 3,500 Italians, who comprise the local society known as the Right to Existence. The editor is a Spaniard, Pedro Esteve, the most pronounced anarchist in the land. "Killing a King," this man said after the assassination of King Humbert, "makes people think. We want to exterminate evils by force. We never consider consequences. We are opposed to government, which means political tyranny. We do not believe in religion, laws, or individual ownership of property."

Under the tutelage of Esteve men



are trained in the business of assassination and from Paterson they go forth as propagandists of the gospel of hate.

In the rooms on the top floor where the paper is published the anarchists hold their principal meetings. Here they gather to approve and gloat over the murder of king or president and to lay plans for future assassinations. Should an officer or suspicious person be present the meeting resolves itself into a political affair which discusses conditions in Italy, but with none save the faithful around anarchy and assassination are the subjects.

Experience of a Young Actress.

A story is being told by English actors regarding a recent experience of a young actress, Miss Delaville Barrington, who was playing at the old Mary Street theater, Cork. The heroine of the play has to jump into the Mississippi, but when Miss Barrington reached the rocky eminence from which she had to leap she saw there was no mattress below to receive her. Also the ledge of rock in front of the supposed river was too low to conceal the actress after her leap. Miss Barrington, however, nothing daunted, took her leap, and came down with a thud on the bare stage. The situation struck a member of the "gods," for a stentorian voice called out, "Oh, be jabbars, tis frozen!"—Chicago News.

Highest of Waterfalls.

The highest waterfall in the world, geography tells us, is the Cerosola Cascade, in the Alps, having a fall of 2,400 feet; that of Arvey in Savoy, is 1,100 feet and the falls of Yosemite Valley range from 700 to 1,000 feet. But higher yet is the waterfall in the San Cuayatan Canion, in the State of Durango, Mexico. It was discovered by some prospectors, ten years ago, in the great barranca district which is called the Tierras Desconocidas. While searching for the famous lost mine, Nararjal, a great roar of water was heard. With great difficulty the party pushed on, and up and down the mighty chasms until they beheld the superb fall that is at least 3,000 feet high.—Land of Sunshine.

Hustlers and Non-Hustlers.

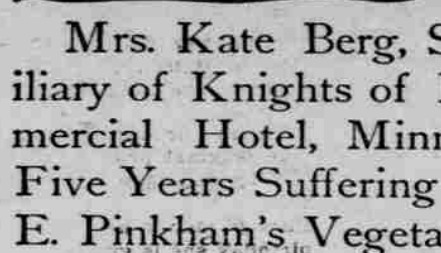
"I tell you," the sprightly passenger in the pepper-and-salt suit was saying, "there is nothing like get up and hustle. I hustle, if business doesn't come to me I go out and hunt it. Yesterday I made nearly \$11 repairing sewing machines. Had six jobs I can afford to take a holiday once in a while." "Well," slowly replied the passenger in the suit of sombre black, "I'm not so good on the hustle. I've had only one job in the last six months." "That's too bad," returned the other sympathizingly. "What's your occupation?" "Building lighthouses."—Chicago Tribune.

Automobile School for Horses.

A New Yorker has founded an automobile school for horses which has met with complete success, as timid drivers have availed themselves freely of the advantages he offers. He is the owner of a small machine with which he agrees to frighten horses at a fixed sum by the hour. They are frightened by degrees and with such delicacy that no harm comes of the experiment, and they are thus prepared for the sight of machines operated with less regard for their feelings.

New Use for Lemon Juice.

Dr. Benjamin Edison says that lemon juice is a remedy for nose bleeding. One part of the juice to three or four parts of water is used for insufflation, clearing the nostrils by "blowing." In emergencies he has used the lemon juice undiluted, but would not advise this procedure in ordinary cases. The author claims no credit for the method; he "picked it up" many years ago, he says, and he does not know who is entitled to the credit for first using it.—Druggists' Circular.



Mrs. Kate Berg, Secretary Ladies' Auxiliary of Knights of Pythias, No. 58, Commercial Hotel, Minneapolis, Minn., After Five Years Suffering Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Whatever virtue there is in medicine seems to be concentrated in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I suffered for five years with profuse and painful menstruation until I lost flesh and strength, and life had no charms for me. Only three bottles of your Vegetable Compound cured me, I became regular, without any pains, and hardly know when I am sick. Some of my friends who have used your Compound for uterine and ovarian troubles all have the same good word to say for it, and bless the day they first found it."—MRS. KATE BERG.

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For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25¢ a bottle.

The man who jumps over-board is usually over-bored with life.

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A deaf and dumb man is apt to talk straight out from the shoulder.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 14.—The value of Garfield Tea, the herb medicine, is suggested by these facts: It is a specific for all diseases of the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels; it purifies the blood and lays the foundation for health.

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W. N. U. Kansas City No. 43, 1901

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